

REPENTANT THIEVES

The Quarter of a Million Dollars of the Conscience Fund.

RELIGION AS A DETECTIVE

Conscience-Stricken Army Officers and How They Repent Extra Pay—Humor and Pathos of Crime.

WASHINGTON, May 8, 1890.—[Special Correspondence of THE HERALD.]—The conscience fund of the treasury department now amounts to more than a quarter of a million dollars. Every week, and nearly every day, Treasurer Houston receives one or more envelopes containing money from persons who do not sign their names and of whose identity the notes accompanying the inclosures give no sign. The amounts sent range all the way from 2 cents to hundreds of dollars, and the majority of the notes state that the money rightfully belongs to the United States, and has been wrongfully taken from it. Some of the writers give anonymous signatures. Many sign themselves "Conscience." Scores add the word "Restitution" to the discussed hand which they write, and a few give no signatures whatever. Some are like the following, which was written on a half-page of foolscap inclosing a \$100 bill and bearing in the middle of a sheet of paper these words:

"From one who wishes to observe hereafter the commandment: 'Thou shalt not steal!'"

This was all. There was not even a dash in the way of a signature. Another letter inclosing \$12.50 read as follows:

"A troubled conscience sends \$12.50 which he stole from the government. He is sorry for his faults, and will send the rest till all is paid."

Another written by an illiterate man, and dated Chicago contained \$14, and the scrawl reads:

"Mr. Treasurer, please except this from one making his peace with God and appropriate it to the use of the government. It belongs to the United States."
(Signed) "RESTITUTION."

THE HISTORY OF THE CONSCIENCE FUND.

The government began its conscience fund in 1811, and during that year \$500 was covered into the treasury under it. From that time on till the close of the war the amounts received were small, except in 1840, when they amounted to \$2,000. During the war they jumped rapidly upward, and at the time of the settlement of the accounts at the close of the war there was a large increase through conscience-stricken paymasters and soldiers, so that in 1868, \$23,000 were sent in, and in 1867, \$12,000. In 1878, \$23,000 were received, and the amounts come in now at the rate of \$1,000 a year. The total in 1888 has amounted to \$241,000, and now in 1890 it reaches considerably over \$250,000. I spent some hours today looking over the great packages of letters which have been received containing conscience money. I find many of them full of pathos, and every one, if it could speak, could tell its story of crime. The biggest amount ever received from one man was \$3,000. It came in the cheapest of manila envelopes, wrapped up in one-fourth of a sheet of dirty newspaper upon which was written the following:

"Hon. Hugh McCulloch: The inclosed is money that rightfully belongs to the United States, though the world would say I came honestly by it. I count, however, a clear conscience of more value than money can represent or express."

The money sent was in treasury notes of \$1,000 and under.

CONSCIENCE-STRICKEN ARMY OFFICERS.

Some of the letters received from the army officers are interesting and they show that the soldier's conscience is well developed. Here is one received at the close of war:

"Enclosed find \$112, which I was paid for a horse lost in the service of the United States, but which was lost partly through my fault. I have never felt fully satisfied when thinking of this affair, and I shall ever hereafter feel better in mind to have refunded this amount to the government. I find the way of religion narrow and the gate straight."

(Signed) "Yours truly, 'RESTITUTION.'"

Another officer writes at about the same time, stating that he was an officer in the United States army and was entitled to two servants, but that he used only one while drawing the salary for two. He says his custom was unknown to the paymasters, and it was a regular thing with thousands of officers. He inclosed \$100 in his letter, and states that he entered the army poor and left it poor and sick, "too poor, in fact, to get along without a clear conscience which he cannot have as long as he retains this extra money." His letter is not signed.

The following came from Hartford, Connecticut:

"Hon. Hugh McCulloch, Secretary of the Treasury, Washington, D. C.:

"Dear Sir:—Inclosed please find a check for \$175 dollars (\$840 in full) which I received from the government by me; about three years ago the paymaster gave me over my just pay, eighty dollars (\$80.00). Since that time I have never had an opportunity to make any restitution. I was a soldier at the time. I assure you, dear sir, I will owe thirty dollars (\$30.00), which I intend paying this summer. After it is paid I shall feel that I have done nothing but what ought to have been done. Not a soul save God and myself knows that I kept the money or that it was ever paid me. I am a Catholic, and as such it is my duty to pay back what is justly due. I do not wish to sign my name to this, and sir I beg of you that you will do me the favor of not spending it to any person whereby it might get into the public press."

Hoping, dear sir, that you will look favorably on this, I remain, yours respectfully, 'Sincerely,'

ADAM GOONSELL.

A great many of these letters relate to the unpaid income taxes. Some enclose counterfeit money, and a good many of the contributions are sent through the Catholic priests. In these cases the letters are signed by the priests, and a receipt is sent to them for the money whenever they request it. One man signs himself "War Democrat," and states that he returns \$400 which belongs to Uncle Sam. Another incloses \$30, and asks that it be credited to the United States, and that, if possible, the amount be applied to the impeachment of Andrew Johnson. A letter, in pencil written on a slip of torn writing paper, encloses \$800, and bears simply these words:

"Place to credit United States." Another containing 200 dollar bills bears the words:

"Two hundred dollars for debts." Another reads as follows:

"Secretary Boutwell:—Enclosed find 50 cents for debts. No signature."

A printed letter encloses \$170, and says it is the theft of a former controller, and a yellow envelope, postmarked Chicago, brings \$300, and says that these words penned in blue ink on a short strip of paper:

"The enclosed money belongs to the treasury department."

And so it is throughout these thousands of letters. Each one represents a greater or less amount of money stolen from the government, and each is the index of the story of a crime.

FRANK G. CARPENTER.

GRAND BILLIARD EXHIBITION

By Jacob Schaefer, the wizard of billiards.

champion of the world, and Frank C. Ives, the young Napoleon of billiards, at the Cullen hotel, Saturday and Monday evenings, May 10 and 12, commencing at 8 o'clock. Reserved seats for sale at Cullen hotel.

CHIMNEY CURTAINS

The finest chimney curtains ever brought to this city, are now at D. W. Wood's.

Summer coats and vests. We are showing the largest line in fancy fanned, mohair, alpaca, cashmere, ponce, silk, blue and white serge coats and vests.

BART-MARSHALL, MER. CO., 142 Main street.

Don't fail to notice the advertisement of cheap real estate in Cache valley.

An Uncle's Trick.

Squeakers—How is it that Cutely always gets the prettiest girl at church to escort home?

Nickelby—Easily enough; he's an usher.

"But I don't see!"

"You don't? Why, Cutely always escorts all his rivals to the very front seats, so that they have to be the last out of church. In the meanwhile he takes his pick of the girls."—Lawrence American.

Those Persuasive Ways.

Hermia—Guess who it is papa?

Mr. Grundles—Let me see. I've paid the milliner and the dressmaker and the jeweler. This must be the florist.—Puck.

Making Little Progress.

George—Have you and wife decided yet what to name baby?

Jack—No, not quite; but the list of 360 names, which my wife picked out, has been reduced to 179.

George—Well, that's making progress anyhow.

Jack—Yes; but you see about half of the 360 names were for another kind of baby.—New York Weekly.

Valueless Labor.

Cobwigger—Are you going to ship the things in that barrel?

Brown—Yes, confound it! I spent an hour putting the head in it.

Cobwigger—Well, you shouldn't complain. You have done it very nicely.

Brown—Yes, but I forgot to put the things inside.—New York Sun.

The Letter of the Law.

Porter—Ten cents for carrying in your baggage.

Traveler—But I didn't have any baggage.

Porter—That's your lookout. The rules say "collect ten cents for carrying the baggage."—No, I want it.—Fliegende Blaetter.

All Right Up to the Present Time.

"Are you keeping this store?" asked a customer who was tired of waiting.

"Well, I'm doing my best. There have been sixteen or seventeen men that I owed money to trying to take it away from me, but I'm keeping it up to date."—Washington Post.

An Evidence of Prosperity.

Mr. Keene—I think the Browns must have come into some property lately.

Mr. Keene—What makes you think so?

Mr. K.—Why they used to keep six dogs and now they keep only one.—Boston Courier.

Not on Equal Equal Terms.

"Tommy," said his favorite uncle, "you can never catch Rover. Stop chasing him, and tell me what you want for a birthday present."

"Oh," gasped Tommy, "just give me two hind legs and a tail!"—Puck.

Avoiding Danger.

Miss Cate—Henry, please put on your gloves before you prune the grapevines; you might be bitten, you know.

Henry—What by grapevines?

Miss Cate—No, grape-apes. (Henry weeps.)—New York Herald.

His Specialty.

"Wonderful artist, that Dauber! Those sands have looked at specimens of his work."

"Indeed! What is his specialty?"

"Signs."—Lawrence American.

A Literary Scandal.

"Did you hear of the discovery they have made about Mark Twain?"

"No. What?"

"All his books were written by a man named Clemens."—Life.

Worse Than Bad Form—Cruel.

"She is such very bad form. She actually associates with her servants."

"Poor things! And does she compel them to associate with her?"—Harper's Bazar.

Literally Correct.

She—Has Connecticut two capitals?

He—No, only one.

She—What is that?

He—C, of course!—Lowell Citizen.

Never Carried It Behind.

"It seems to me I have seen your face before."

"Quite likely. That's where I carry it."—Harper's Bazar.

The Brute!

Miss Cassy Corda—You've broken my heart!

Tom Blunt—Oh, well; accidents will happen!—Puck.

Small Rhymes.

As my wife and I, at the window one day stood watching a man with a monkey, A cat came by with a "broth of a boy," Who was driving a stout little donkey.

To my wife I then spoke, by way of a joke:—"There's a relation of yours in that carriage. To which she replied, as the donkey she spoke, 'Ah, yes, a relation—by marriage!'"

—New York Herald.

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PHILOSOPHY IN THE MUD.

An Old Dazkey Proves That "All Comes to Him Who Waits."

Out about four miles from Natchez I came across a colored man who had headed for town with a jag of wood on a one mule wagon. At a narrow spot in the road, where the mud was a foot deep, his old mule had given out and the wagon was stalled. The man sat on a log by the roadside, smoking a corn pipe and enjoying a sun bath, and after viewing the situation I asked:

"Well, what are you going to do?"

"Nuffin, boss," he answered.

"Going to leave the rig right there until it sinks out of sight?"

"No, she's dun gone down about as far as she kin."

"And you are in no hurry?"

"No, sah. Ie got all dis week to get to town."

"Well, you take things pretty cool, I must say."

"Say, boss, jist sot down heah half an hour an' see de philosophy of de thing," he answered. "Ize working a common sense plan on dis difficulty."

I got down and took a seat, and it wasn't ten minutes before a cotton team, with four darkies perched on the bales, came up from the rear.

"Yo, dar—what's de rumpos?" demanded the driver as he checked his mules.

"Dun got stuck fast."

"Oh—ho! Come along, boys, an' git dat ole mawl outa his trouble."

They all got down, each took a wheel, and with a "heave-o" the wagon was lifted out of the mud and was ready to go on.

"See de pint?" queried the owner of the rig, who hadn't lifted a pomeid himself.

"I do."

"Desta what ails de black man today—hain't got no philosophy. He-haw, now, jist git right up in bend yore ole backbone! So long, white man—see yo' later!"—Detroit Free Press.

Change.

Tourist in the South—You must have seen lots of change down here the last few years, unclie.

Uncle—Dey say dere's been lots, boss, but de mose I's seen ob it ha' been a dime or a nickel ebery now an' den, explainin' to folks dat it wa'n't safe to travel roun' here 'mong de scrub palmettos on 'count ob de rattlers an' moccasins.—Harper's Weekly.

The Crowd and Cotton.

A western baseball club has a pitcher named Cotton and the crowd seems to regard the name in the nature of a soft thing. When Mr. Cotton is pitching the crowd yells: "See um battin' Cotton," and when he is at the bat they yell: "Look at Cotton battin'!" It is not much wonder that he thinks of applying to the legislature to change his name.—New York World.

Invaluable.

"Doesn't that man know there's typhoid fever in that house?" said one citizen to another.

"I suppose not; he goes in as if he wasn't in the least apprehensive."

"Why doesn't somebody warn him?"

"Oh, he's a detective. Nobody is afraid he will catch anything."—Washington Post.

Completing the Circuit.

Small Boy (as the dog cart comes to a sudden stop)—Blest if Romeo n't went an' swallowed yer pug!—Judge.

A Different Problem.

Freddy Gazzam—Mamma, with mutton at fifteen cents a pound, what would Mary's little lamb come to?

Mrs. Gazzam—You must tell me how much the lamb weighed.

Freddy—Oh, you don't need to know that. The lamb would come to Mary when she called it.—Munsey's Weekly.

The Baby of the Period.

Visitor (trying to amuse the baby)—See, baby, see. There goes the choocoo!

Boston Baby (contemptuously)—Indeed! I had always been informed that that was a locomotive; but if I have been misinformed I thank you for the correction.—Lawrence American.

Strained Relations.

Cumso—Do you see that man directly opposite?

Fangle—Yes.

"We haven't spoken a single word to each other for several years."

"What's the difficulty?"

"We have never been introduced."—Munsey's Weekly.

Prior to the Proposal.

Miss Ralling—We're all athletic in our family. Sally is an A1 fencer, Molly is superb with the clubs and even mamma puts up the dumbbells.

Garrison (to himself)—I wish I knew whether your old dad could put up the "rocks."—Judge.

A Bungling Job.

Bloodgood—So Miss De Vere has put an end to your hopes, has she? Did it very nearly, I suppose?

Travis (petulantly)—Yes, about as neatly as a woman puts an end to a lead pencil.—Burlington Free Press.

It Has a Habit of So Doing.

Mr. Fangle—Why, Johnny, what's the matter with you?